

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 22.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

[PRICE 2d.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER II. THE GRINDSTONE.

TELLSON'S Bank, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a court-yard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a fight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress, and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was still in his metempsychosis no other than the same Monseigneur, the preparation of whose chocolate for whose lips had once occupied three strong men besides the cook in question.

Monseigneur gone, and the three strong men absolving themselves from the sin of having drawn his high wages, by being more than ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic one and indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, Monseigneur's house had been first sequestered, and then confiscated. For, all things moved so fast, and decree followed decree with that fierce precipitation, that now upon the third night of the autumn month of September, patriot emissaries of the law were in possession of Monseigneur's house, and had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

A place of business in London like Tellson's place of business in Paris, would soon have driven the House out of its mind and into the Gazette. For, what would staid British responsibility and respectability have said to orange-trees in boxes in a Bank court-yard, and even to a Cupid over the counter? Yet such things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling, in the coolest linen, aiming (as he very often does) at money from morning to night. Bankruptcy must inevitably have come of this young Pagan, in Lombard-street, London, and also of a curtained alcove in the rear of the immortal boy, and also of a looking-glass let into the wall, and also of clerks not at all old who

danced in public on the slightest provocation. Yet, a French Tellson's could get on with these things exceedingly well, and, as long as the times held together, no man had taken fright at them, and drawn out his money.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and forgotten; what plate and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors rusted in prisons, and when they should have violently perished; how many accounts with Tellson's, never to be balanced in this world, must be carried over into the next; no man could have said, that night, any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily of these questions. He sat by a newly lighted wood fire (the blighted and unfruitful year was prematurely cold), and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw, or any object in the room distortedly reflect—a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they derived a kind of security from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the true-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. All such circumstances were indifferent to him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite side of the court-yard, under a colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages—where, indeed, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and, in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone: a roughly mounted thing which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighbouring smithy, or other workshop. Rising and looking out of window at these harmless objects, Mr. Lorry shivered, and retired to his seat by the fire. He had opened, not only the glass window, but the lattice blind outside it, and he had closed both again, and he shivered through his frame.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate, there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his

hands, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterwards, the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But, there was no loud irruption into the court-yard as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank, which a great charge would naturally awaken, with such feelings roused. It was well guarded, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified, that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this!" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie! Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms, imploringly, "O my dear friend! My husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here, in Paris?"

"Has been here, some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment, the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning towards the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile:

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastille prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in Paris? In France—who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastille would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so.—What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely

desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even, of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?"

"La Force."

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now, to do exactly as I bid you; for, more depends upon it than you can think, or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you cannot possibly stir out. I say this, because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake, is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then, came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the court-yard: not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose, as in a convenient and retired spot.

But, such awful workers, and such awful work!

The grindstone had a double handle, and, turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when the whirling of the grindstone brought their faces up, were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group, free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with

the st
through
all brow
it. So
the wri
of lim
in kind
the fra
them fr
into th
their f
talised
years o
gun.

All t
of a dro
any ver
there.
the doc
ashy fa

"The
glancin
"Murd
what yo
think y
yourself
La Forc
but let
"Doct
barbena
the cou
blind."

His s
and the
he put
in an in
the ste
pense, a
intellig

Lorry
midst o
shoulder
hurried
prisoner
kindred
prisoner
Evremo
answeri

He c
heart,
hastene
was ass
of her
Miss P
to him
until a
watchin
knew.

Lucie
on the
Miss P
bed, and
pillow b
long nig
And O t
father a
Twice

the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them, with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one colour. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes;—eyes which any unbrutalised beholder would have given twenty years of life, to petrify with a well-directed gun.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are," Mr. Lorry whispered the words glancing fearfully round at the locked room, "murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils, and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastille prisoner! Help for the Bastille prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastille prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but, it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had, by that time, fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. O the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife. And O the long, long night, with no return of her father and no tidings!

Twice more in the darkness the bell at the

great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is National property now, and used as a kind of armoury, my love."

Twice more in all; but, the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterwards the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasp of hand, and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly, this worn-out murderer desecrated in the imperfect light one of the carriages of Monseigneur, and, staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But, the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III. THE SHADOW.

ONE of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry when business hour came round, was this:—that he had no right to imperil Tellson's, by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's demur; but, the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first, his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine-shop again and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling-place in the distracted state of the city. But, the same consideration that suggested him, repudiated him; he lived in the most violent Quarter, and doubtless was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term, in that Quarter, near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross: giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had

himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a doorway that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

It wore itself out, and wore him out with it, until the Bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments, a man stood in his presence, who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me?"

He was a strongly made man with dark curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis, the words:

"Do you know me?"

"I have seen you somewhere."

"Perhaps at my wine-shop?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said:

"You come from Doctor Manette?"

"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."

"And what says he? What does he send me?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand, an open scrap of paper. It bore the words in the Doctor's writing.

"Charles is safe, but I cannot safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favour that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

"Will you accompany me," said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved after reading this note aloud, "to where his wife resides?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

Scarcely noticing, as yet, in what a curiously reserved and mechanical way Defarge spoke, Mr. Lorry put on his hat and they went down into the court-yard. There, they found two women; one, knitting.

"Madame Defarge, surely!" said Mr. Lorry, who had left her in exactly the same attitude some seventeen years ago.

"It is she," observed her husband.

"Does Madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes. That she may be able to recognise the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him, and led the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucie weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note—little thinking what it had been doing near him in the night, and might, but for a chance, have done to him.

"DEAREST,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You cannot answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it, that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action, but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and, with her hands yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain; "there are frequent risings in the streets; and, although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of all the three impressed itself upon him more and more, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to propitiate, by tone and manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner, was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance whom her eyes first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope you are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but, neither of the two took much heed of her.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threateningly dark on the child, that her mother instinctively kneeled on the ground beside her, and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But, the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it—not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld—to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress:

"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can?"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake! She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of these others."

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"What is it that your husband says in that little letter?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence; he says something touching influence?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him!" said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me and not to exercise any power that you possess, against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. O sister-woman, think of me. As a wife and mother!"

Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, at the suppliant, and said, turning to her friend The Vengeance:

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered? We have known *their* husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough? All our lives, we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression and neglect of all kinds?"

"We have seen nothing else," returned The Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us—much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankless, I hope, but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Lorry; "what is this despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow indeed! No substance in it, Lucie."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself, for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

MELONS.

THERE can be little doubt that the coach which conveyed Cinderella to the prince's ball was not a pumpkin, but a Cantaloup melon. The hypothesis is supported by a variety of reasons. Imprimis:—But first of all, perhaps, we ought to say a few words about the melons themselves.

Although Cinderella is now a tolerably old girl, we may assume that melons are considerably older. The "lodge in a garden of cucumbers" of the Scriptures was most probably a lodge in a garden of melons, with perhaps a mixture of water-melons. Cucumis is the generic name of all melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers. Σικκος or σικκος, sikuos or sikus, is also Greek for the same. The Latin word melo, whence our melon, comes (etymologists say) from the Greek *μηλον*, melon, an apple, to which our fruit bears a distant resemblance in form and perfume. Palladius, who has left twelve books on the ancient Roman agriculture of his time, has a chapter on the culture of melons proper. Our pompon, pumpion, and pumpkin, are modern forms of the Latin pepo, which is a modification of the Greek *πεπων*, pepon, sweet or ripe. "When cucumbers attain an excessive magnitude," says Pliny, "they are called pepones;" he therefore uses the word melopepo to describe a sort of pompon resembling a quince in its powerful odour and its warty outside. By the way, melomelum, a sweeting apple, is the origin of our word marmalade. Our horticultural forefathers employed "musk melon" to distinguish veritable melons from pumpkins that had no musky smell; which said pumpkins were, of old, called by the early gardeners and are still called by the English peasantry, millons and meellons. It will thus be seen that the names, like the fruits, of the great pumpkin family, alter their form and their radical quality by such slight gradations as to render it difficult to draw the line between them.

Gourds, together with the French "courage" and the Dutch "kauwaerde," from quite a different verbal root, are pumpkins of great variety of form, size, and properties. There are the Hercules or club-gourd, the calabash and bottle-gourd, whose outer rinds, when thoroughly ripe, dry, and hard, are made to serve for water-vessels, bottles, and powder-flasks. Some of these are eaten in their immature state, but it is wiser to label untried sorts, raised from imported seed, with a ticket marked BEWARE! although their mawkish taste will generally prove a sufficient safeguard. In hot climates the club-gourd attains the enormous length of five or six feet. In a few weeks, if well watered, it forms shady arbours, under which the people of the East squat and smoke. When the fruit is young it hangs down inside the arbour like candles. In this state it is cut, boiled with

force-meat, and stuffed in the hollow part with rice. It is then called *dolma* by the Turks, and is in such general request that a large district in the vicinity of Pera is called *Dolma Bakché*, or *Gourd Gardens*, from the cultivation of these plants. Then there is the Turk's-cap, crown imperial, and elector's bonnet, like turbans or other head-gear of brilliant colouring, which in their young state, when about one-third grown, furnish a wholesome though innutritious vegetable; good for those who stand in terror of making blood too fast. A variety of these, of more prolific habit, has been cried up of late, and it appears deservedly, as custard marrow. Vegetable marrow is a not happy name for a variety of gourd used for boiling and stewing, but insipid at the best. In England, the common mistake is to let all these grow much too big before they are cut; when brought to table they suggest the idea of a mess prepared for sailors on their return from a long voyage, who stand in need of a liberal dose of any vegetable whatsoever to eradicate sea-scurvy from their system. There would be rabbit smothered with onions at top, and Jolly Jack Tar smothered with vegetable marrow at bottom. The Italians bake ripe gourds in an oven, and then serve them out in cold slices, like cake; it is a poor substitute for true melon, though perhaps more digestible. Their mode of cooking immature gourds is by far the most palatable; they cut them when they are as big as a large sausage or a turkey's egg, they split them lengthwise, and fry them with the skin on, in plenty of boiling oil or fat. The little half gourds should come out of their bath crusted with a delicate light-brown pellicle, and not in the least greasy, but like first-rate French sautéed potatoes. "Squash" is a picturesque Americanism for the same tribe of vegetables, of which they have a considerable variety. There are even miniature gourds, grown solely for ornament, to place on chimney-pieces and knick-knack shelves; as the apple gourd, the pear gourd, the orange gourd, and other little prettinesses—to all which gourds, both great and small, your garden-doors must be firmly though reluctantly closed, if you wish your next year's melons to maintain their repute for perfume and flavour.

The melon, *Cucumis melo*, belongs to the Linnean class *Monœcia*, order *Monadelphæa*; which means, in English: Class One House, order One Brotherhood. In the majority of flowering plants, the fertilising organs, or anthers, and the fruit-producing organs or ovules, are borne in the same flower. These constitute nearly the whole of the Linnean classes. But observing that, in certain cases, the anthers and the ovules are produced separately, in different flowers on the same individual plant—which takes place with the filbert and the melon—the great naturalist grouped them into his One-house class, in distinction to *Dicœcia*, or Two-house, wherein the anthers and the ovules are found not only in different flowers but on different plants, as is seen in hemp, the willow, and the date palm; one plant producing

anthers only and never seed or fruit, another bearing seed or fruit only and never anthers.

In the natural system of Jussieu, the melon belongs to the family of *Cucurbitaceæ*, or the gourd family, herbaceous, or rarely woody climbing plants, furnished with tendrils which help them to mount over brake and briar, and in which are included, besides the genera *Cucumis* and *Cucurbita*, the poisonous *Momordica*, or squirting cucumber; the big-rooted bryony of the hedge, which used to lend itself to the fabrication of false portents; the very curious and detestable *Trichosanthes*, or snake cucumber, with its twisted fruit, sometimes six feet long; and the useful, though uneatable, *Lagenaria*, or calabash, a gigantic variety of which will hold a couple of gallons of water. It hence appears that the melon, if not the representative, is certainly the best to eat of its family. The spiral vessels of the melon are an instructive microscopic object, as are also its jointed hairs covered with scars.

To clear our literary melon ground before beginning in earnest, we will exclude from it, first, all water-melons, which are not melons except by courtesy, but are *Citrullus* gourds, *Pastèques*, and *Cocomeros*. Instead of having a hollow in their middle containing the seeds, they are fleshy, or rather spongy, throughout, the seeds being embedded in the tissue. Although almost a necessary of life during tropical, and even Mediterranean, summers, when they serve as food and drink combined, they are not wanted in the British Islands. They are too insipid to be worth growing as luxuries; their size is unwieldy on the table, while their smooth dark-green skin, and the absence of ribs, warts, or network, render them anything but picturesque or ornamental in the dish. The specimens we receive from Spain and Portugal towards the close of autumn, are imported stomach-ache. If a turnip grew on a leafy running stem, it would take higher rank than melons like these. Should you wish to grow water-melons as a curiosity, sow them on a hot-bed very early; and, after stopping the leading shoot to make the side-shoots start, let them run and spread as they please without further interference, remembering that they must have plenty of room, sunshine, air, and water. The French in Algeria stick a water-melon seed into a hole in the ground, and take no further thought of it till they want a juicy fruit to moisten their lips.

Neither have we anything to do with precocities, with forced melons, with melons in April, or May, or June. Our affair is with melons only in their season, as they come naturally, so to speak. We look no further, or no earlier, than melons which ripen in August, September, and October, and as much longer as skilful gardening, a kindly season, and careful housewifery can persuade them to last. We want melons for the million, and not melons for the upper ten-thousand, at a guinea and upwards a piece, and not dear at the price either. We want to turn the sun to good account and to make the most economical use of his rays, instead of heap-

ing together
valuable

But
Where
not grow
possibly
the age
wood,
renewed
fuel, and
and d
melons

Have
take th
Melon

have b
regions
that, to
of ind
difficul
to say
woman
equally
thing
ferent
and sin
as we
and st
less fr
sweet,
fat.

differe
vidual
shaped
red fl
it is
within
ferenc
melon
alliance
that
and th
other
and c
charac
among
curren

Wi
melon
three
marin
Frenc
of the
bottom
attain
with
fined
fresh
light
by m
If yo
distac
some
them
succe
are;
varie

ing together mountains of manure and consuming valuable coke and coal.

But all melons are forced, are they not? Where do you see any, at any season, that are not grown under frames, or hot-beds? Is it possible to grow them otherwise than through the agency of a heavy fixed capital of glass and wood, and fermenting horse-droppings constantly renewed, and iron-pipes, and hot-water, and fuel, and attendance morning and evening, night and day? What, therefore, do you mean by melons for the million and their natural season?

Have patience, and you shall see. Let us take things quietly, in their proper order.

Melons are of so many sorts, their varieties have been so long cultivated in all the warmer regions of the globe, so crossed and multiplied that, to draw a distinct line between the majority of individuals composing the assemblage, is difficult. An ancient Pagan had the wickedness to say, "A variable and mutable thing is—a woman;" it would have been more gallant and equally true had he said, "A variable and mutable thing is—a melon." Grandchildren turn out different to their grandmothers; of own brothers and sisters, the progeny of the same parents as far as we can tell, some will be lengthy, others short and stout, some fair-complexioned, others dark; less frequently, some will prove agreeable and sweet, others will be harsh, or unpleasant and fast. The same melon-plant may produce, on different branches, perfectly symmetrical individuals and deformed monsters half melon-shaped, half pudding-shaped, or some with red flesh, and some with green flesh. But it is probable that these variations take place within the limits of a circle beyond the circumference of which they do not stray. If a real melon at once loses caste and flavour by misalliance with a pumpkin, the consequence is, that it is utterly excluded by every gardener, and there is an end of it. Good melons, on the other hand, which possess the merits of flavour and of handsome form, without any decided character of race, still retain their position amongst the cucurbitaceous aristocracy, and pass current amidst the select crowd of fruits.

With this confession of interminateness, melons may, for convenience, be classed into three categories. The first is the melon *maraicher*, the kitchen-garden melon of the French, the Black Rock, and the Dutch Rock of the English, round and flattened at top and bottom, but really of uncertain form, occasionally attaining considerable weight, often covered with embroidery or network, mostly without defined ribs, with thick rind and plenty of juicy flesh not very high in flavour; but you often light upon melons of this race that are improved by accidental crossings with superior varieties. If you want to grow a melon that will travel distances of from five to five hundred miles, some of these will exactly suit you; amongst them, too, you will be sure to find a sort which succeeds in your locality. Melons, like cats, are wanted to place rather than to persons; varieties which are perfectly well-behaved at

Bordeaux, will turn out badly at Paris, and vice versa, which is still more extraordinary. Melon-seeds which produce good fruit at Paris, will be the parents of nothing but bad at Bordeaux. The *Sucrin de Tours*, and the American melons belonging to this section, are well deserving of patronage. If you wish to exhibit a monster melon, of handsome elongated form, with broad ribs, try the famous *Sucrin de Honfleur*, or *Honfleur melon*. Inexorable horticultural judges, who will brandish their knives, and use them too, may say that its flesh is a little coarse; but it is only a little, if at all; and it is so juicy, pleasant, cut-and-come-again, that young gentlemen home for the long vacation will find no fault with it.

The *maraicher* melons pass for being more feverish than the rest of their brethren towards the close of the season; but with all melons we should remember we are dealing with a family whose reputation is stained by poisoning transactions. The correcting influence of the sun and the degree of ripeness may make all the difference whether a suspected fruit is dangerous or innocent. As is the case with the family of which the potato is a worthy member, caution is necessary: to the tomato, the egg-plant, and the aubergine, are closely allied the bitter-sweet nightshade and the deadly belladonna. Even the potato is not always harmless, unless the water in which it is boiled be strained away. For a good and wholesome Irish stew, the potatoes should be cooked separately.

It is a very cloudy frontier line which divides the kitchen-garden melons from the second division, the Cantaloups, which are sub-divided again into innumerable shades of variation. They are round, flattened at the stalk and the crown, ribbed, often broader than they are long, thick-skinned, sometimes warty, and well adapted for travelling, like their predecessors. The Orange Cantaloup is moderate-sized, early, useful, and good. The *Noir des Carmes*, or the *Carmelites' Black*, a precious variety which every one should have, is round, very dark green until ripe, with smoothish rind and not deep ribs, of excellent quality, and an abundant bearer if you will let it have its own way, of which more anon. There is the *Little Prescott*; and there are two varieties of the *Great Prescott*, i.e. with a green ground, and with a white ground (*Silver Cantaloup*), ribbed and warty, all good and early sorts; but, if a melon-race were to be run, I should bet upon the little one. There are green-fleshed Cantaloups; there are quite small Cantaloups, as the *Boule de Siam*, dark green, with broad ribs, and *Queen Anne's Pocket Melon*, just enough for one person, which may be trained against a south wall, like a vine. The Cantaloups are said to be less given to vary than other melons.

Of the third and most decided race, we will describe the characters before giving a list of names. They are thin-skinned, and not much adapted for travelling, which is the less to be regretted, as their delicious quality tempts you to keep them at home, unless a special favour is

to be conferred. Amongst them is a large proportion of green-fleshed fruit; their weight is mostly moderate, from two to three pounds, or less, and their seeds large. Properly managed, they bear in long succession, are generally of oblong shape, either smooth or netted; stored on dry shelves or hung up in nets, they will keep up to February. Persia may be regarded as their head-quarters; but they have obtained high approval under the titles of Maltese melon, Muscade of the United States, Odessa melon, Ispahan melon, Italian white-fleshed winter melon, sent from Malta and Marseilles to Paris, Dampsha, Candia, Valencia, and Moscatello.

Let us take the Moscatello as our pattern of the Persians. More than twenty years ago, it was introduced to France from Italy, and that is all that can be discovered of its origin. Its first results did not correspond to the praises with which its introducer had heralded it, proving unproductive when grown in a frame. The fruit, eaten six or eight days after becoming ripe, was well flavoured, but a little dry—a considerable drawback to its merit. But it turns out that, unlike other melons, they should be left on the plant ten or twelve days after their change from unripe to ripe, then cut, and then kept in a cool closet or a cellar, from three to six days before being brought to table. By this dilatory proceeding, they acquire a juiciness and a perfume which are superior to everything of the kind. Their culture is like that of other melons not in frames; under bell-glasses, they will give from eighteen to twenty fruits per bell.

The Moscatello has small and rather angular leaves, growing on long and twisted footstalks, from slender and not very vigorous branches. The flower is small; the fruit is long-oval, though sometimes round, slightly netted and ribbed, of a glaucous or ashy green, turning to a yellowish tint when ripe. The odour of ripeness should be almost gone at the time when the fruit is cut. The rind is very thin and the flesh red; there is no empty hollow in the inside; the seeds, incrusting in the flesh, are small and long. The average weight is scarcely two pounds, which is a pity. Although you may invariably save seed from oblong fruits, some of the plants which spring from those seeds will be sure to produce round fruits—a fact from which gardeners deduce two conclusions: first, that the variety was new when introduced; and, secondly, that it is not yet fixed, which is certain.

Melon-culture is commonly regarded as a sort of mystery. A man must have a grisly head before he can master its recondite arcana. The prevailing notion is, that the melon is a plant of excessive tenderness and delicacy. It is so, as we commonly see it treated. Even Loudon, in his standard work, the *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, says: "The fruit, to be grown to perfection, requires the aid of artificial heat and glass, throughout every stage of its culture. Its minimum temperature may be estimated at 65°, in which it will germinate and grow; but it requires a heat of from 75° to 80° to ripen its

fruit, which, in ordinary cases, it does in four months from the time of sowing the seed." Hence we have Routine No. I: the plant must be shut up in a box with a glass lid, and be baked, steamed, and smothered, night and day, till it is as much like what a melon-plant could, might, and should be, as a boa-constrictor at a fair in a chest and a blanket is like a boa-constrictor at large in a tropical forest.

Again; it has been observed that the first fruits appear, not on the main stem, but on the side shoots of the plants. Consequently, the main shoot is stopped by pinching, to make the side shoots start earlier. The Bon Jardinier (an authority not less respectable than Loudon) and its copyists tell us, "When the plant has its fourth leaf above the cotyledons (seed leaves), it must be pinched above the second leaf. When the lateral branches, resulting from the first pinching have developed their second leaf, they are pinched in turn; which determines the development of new branches, which are stopped above the second or third eye, to obtain a third degree of ramification." The principle of all this pinching is right, when applied to the very earliest forced melons; but it is not properly applicable to later crops. From it, however, results Routine No. II. They must be prevented from growing in any direction whithersoever; they must be stopped, and stunted, and pruned, till their constitutional vigour is equivalent to that of a Chinese dwarf oak growing in a pint pot. What with the stifling and what with the pinching, many plants die outright: "It is their tender constitution!" say the walkers in wheel-ruts. The survivors, by an effort of nature, bring one or two fruits to incomplete maturity, and then give up the ghost. "It is their brief term of life!" exclaim the wheel-rutters, turning up the whites of their eyes. "All flesh is grass; and melon-grass is nothing at all!"

Nevertheless, the Bon Jardinier tells them, "An enlightened practice has taught several intelligent cultivators of melons at Paris that, by a simpler mode of pruning, better results may be obtained. For them, the whole reduces itself to this: after having stopped the primitive stem above the second leaf, and allowed the two resulting branches to grow till they have at least six leaves, they then stop them, once for all, above the fifth, sixth, or even the seventh eye, leaving all the branches, which this pruning develops, to grow and run freely, as they will. They show fruit quite as early as the branches proceeding from repeated mutilations; the plants are more vigorous, and the melons are better fed"—for the leaves of a plant are both its lungs and its stomach. "This method is especially excellent for melons under bell-glasses and for the larger sorts; but the able gardeners referred to above apply it equally to their melons in frames."

The truth is, that the melon, when not amputated and vapour-bathed to death, is just as hardy as the cucumber and the gourd; that is, it is not hardy at all. The slightest frost will

kill any
tient wi
if com
don say
others.
displa
abunda
to the
as you
it will
deman
setting
green
marrow
find a
withou
forcers
The m
midlan
tember
our day
cold, v
1844,
therefo
here.
longer
and th
seasons
Proce
followi
path,
talk a
tuous
Betw
of May
hillock
order,
ground
apart
when
level o
is of n
is a h
half a
The h
built
piled
peaks
possib
and el
your r
cover
with a
table
pared
soil fo
clayey
heath
light.
kitchen
of our
and si
difficu
melon
The
brought
hot-b

kill any and either of them; it is equally impatient with them of excessive humidity, especially if combined with chilly weather. As Loudon says, it is a tender annual; so are the others. Treat it like them, and it will equally display its rampant vigorous growth and its abundant fructification. Subject a melon-plant to the same free-and-easy and let-alone culture as you do a ridge-cucumber, or a pumpkin, and it will astonish you. Only a melon, to be ripe, demands a longer space of time between the setting of the fruit and the cutting than does a green cucumber, or a quarter-grown vegetable marrow. At Ispahan even, the melon does not find a high temperature constantly maintained without remission, like that which routinier forcers aim at; it has hot days and cool nights. The night temperature of our southern and midland counties, during July, August, and September, is quite sufficient. In fine summers, our days are hot enough for its prosperity; in cold, wet summers, like that of 1816 and of 1844, the melon is a failure all over France, and therefore we ought not to grumble at its failing here. What we need, in average years, is a longer summer. We must lengthen it artificially; and the end at which it is easiest and most reasonable to lengthen it is at the beginning.

Proceed in your attempts somewhat after the following fashion, and dare to leave the beaten path, regardless of your neighbours, who will talk about innovation, quackery, and presumptuous boasting, until they witness your success.

Between the middle of April and the middle of May, make several—say half a dozen—conical hillocks, disposed either in rows or in quincunx order, according to the convenience of your ground, so that their centres shall be five feet apart every way, and their perpendicular height, when finished and planted, two feet above the level of the soil. An inch or two more or less is of no consequence. The basis of each hillock is a hole, round or square, dug in the ground, half a yard in diameter and eight inches deep. The holes are then filled, and the hillocks are built up with well-rotted manure, carefully piled and stacked into shape, in order that your peaks of Teneriffe may sink or settle as little as possible, and that they may retain their form and elevation until the month of October. When your mountains are nicely made and rounded, cover them to the depth of six or seven inches with a stratum of earth rich in humus or vegetable mould, stiffish rather than light, and prepared if possible a year beforehand. If your soil for this outer coating is too compact and clayey, mix it with old leaf-mould, or better with heath-mould, until it is friable without being light. In default of earth thus prepared, good kitchen-garden mould will do. The prosperity of our melons depends on no quack composts, and shall be checked by no futile, self-raised difficulties. We have made the first step; our melon-ground is ready to receive its inmates.

The young melon-plants must be forced and brought forward somehow; in a frame and a hot-bed is the ordinary way; but you may

start your youngsters thus: in your study there may be a cast-iron stove (with an open fireplace) called a prussienne. In March plant melon-seeds, two in each pot, and cover them with a cracked beer-glass or tumbler; then put them to bake on the top of the stove, watering as required. In a few days, the seed-leaves are above ground, when the plants are removed to the windows (inside, of course) to enjoy the sunshine, and their place on the stove is taken by successional pots. When the real leaves appear between the cotyledons, the pots are removed to a south border to be brought forward and gradually inured to air and light under bell-glasses, which cover them closely at night. We thus arrive at the middle of May. In one of the Waltonian cases recommended by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, enough melon-plants might be raised to cover Hyde Park with their foliage by the end of the summer. But, although you begin late this season, yet, from a plant started by the prussienne and growing all summer in the open ground with no other artificial heat than the shelter of a bell-glass, you may cut your first melon on the 16th of August: in a latitude, too, which, though south of London, may be north of the Isle of Wight. Nor does the crop consist of one single fruit, but of many. One-third at least of England might do the same; because the greater length of the days northwards is a compensation for the shorter summer.

In the middle of May, or earlier if you dare, slightly level the tops of your hills, so as to make a little platform on their summit; in the middle of the platform scoop out a round hole, and in it plant a couple of your seedlings, turning them out of their pots adroitly, so as to keep their balls of earth entire. Water them, and cover them close with a bell-glass, which is most convenient; or with a hand-light; or with an oiled-paper cap, rather than give up your experiment for want of appliances. You may have given the first pinching to your plants (above the second true leaf), while still in pot. After these two operations of pinching and planting, your young pupils will sometimes appear to stand still for a fortnight or so, and their vegetation to flag. Do not make yourself uneasy on that account; perhaps they are working hard, unseen, at the root. Cover at night with mats, if spring frosts threaten; admit air by day; carefully weed your hillocks and give them a slight scratching; and then encase them with a paletot of well-rotten manure, an inch and a half thick; raise your bell-glasses on three bricks, crutches, or pot-hooks, and the thing is done. When the branches peep out from under their bell, you may pinch their extremities; before that time, do not touch a leaf. As such branch successively gets half-way down the mountain, pinch it; when it reaches the bottom, pinch it again, and afterwards only stop them when they become troublesome and run out of bounds. Perhaps, on the whole, these are too many pinchings; but high authority recommends them. Dig well round the root of the mountain, to allow the

roots to spread, which they will do to a considerable distance around. Do not torment yourself with thinning the fruit; nature will arrange all that for you. When a fruit is set, if you cannot see it grow from day to day, you may almost make sure that it will come to nothing; it will turn yellow, and drop off of itself. Leave the bell-glass always over the central roots on the top of your hillock, lifted sufficiently high to admit free ventilation; it will protect the collar of the plants from injury, and shelter them from sudden chills and heavy rains. If you wish for a few very large melons, set only one plant on a hillock; if you prefer a good supply of moderate-sized fruit, set two.

In hot and dry weather you must water, with a fine-pierced rose, over the leaves and all; use no admixture of liquid manure, but take care that the water is at least as warm as the atmosphere. Do not wait for the leaves to flag before you water. Long-continued rains and cold fogs are more difficult to contend with than drought; the plant becomes surcharged with water, turns dropsical, and either dies or is attacked by serious disease. If a spell of wet summer weather set in, the best that can be done is to form a sort of tent over each hillock, with three long rods, or poles, meeting at the top and covered with mats or old sail-cloth. The mountain-shape alone of your melon-beds ensures a dry subsoil in ordinary seasons. At the close of the season, fruits which have no longer a chance of coming to maturity may be pickled small, like gherkins, as a nearer approach to pickled mangoes; if larger, they may be boiled or stewed, like cucumbers or vegetable marrows, to both of which they are preferable, in the judgment at least of certain palates.

A melon should not be allowed to remain on the plant till it is dead ripe; it is the better for a few days' chambering. The time to cut it is denoted by a rapid, almost sudden change, from the green hue of growth to the whitish, yellowish, or mottled tinges of maturity; by the marked relief and conspicuousness of the network or embroidery on the rind; by the exhalation of a sweet savour, instead of being, as before, almost scentless, and by a yielding to the pressure of the thumb applied to the spot where the blossom once grew. The date of eating it has arrived when you say to yourself, "This melon must be eaten to-day; that will keep till to-morrow; the other till the day after." When to eat it, depends on whether you are English or French. If the former, at dessert, as a matter of course; if the latter, in the middle of breakfast, or at dinner immediately after soup and unsalted boiled beef, sometimes with the boiled beef, and always seasoned with pepper and salt. Notwithstanding which, at the best Parisian restaurants the English mode of melon with sugar at dessert is duly understood and appreciated. How to eat it, is an open question: a silver knife is too blunt to cut it; use a steel one very rapidly in distributing the slices, which should be thick. On your plate, if you cut it up into too many delicate little bits, and play with it and pingle

it too long, you will lose half the flavour. Try the effect of an honest bite at your slice, as if it were bread and butter or a pear. If it is very good indeed, put the seeds into your pocket, and do not lay the fault on anybody if they produce only indifferent fruit.

MAC.

We were leaning lazily over the railings which border the cliffs of sunny Broadstairs, admiring the blooming stocks and wallflowers that shoot from the dry whiterock, when our attention was diverted to a squat man, who, perched upon a long kind of orange-box upon wheels, was urging forward a not unwilling donkey. Lumps of battered tin were lying in the orange-box near a tub, in which, according to a friend at our elbow (who rather prides himself upon knowing everything and everybody in the fruitful, hedgeless Isle of Thanet), there was "pot-wash," collected from the adjoining houses. "That man," said our friend, "is known twenty miles round. He is now on his way back to his domain, where he treasures old tin; where he keeps dogs upon horseflesh; where he rears pigs in roadside holes; where he flays horses, and cheapens their hide, bones, and hair. He is a remarkable specimen of a money-maker. With the most unpromising materials, he has turned shillings upon shillings, day by day, the last forty years. Let us stroll after him presently, to his patch of roadside. He is rather fond of seeing visitors." New ways of money-making are always welcome to the sight of men. Let us gratify ourselves with a peep, then, at our friend in the orange-box.

It has been said that the means of earning a leg of mutton are endless. There are prosaic means, and there are poetic means. The vast varieties of means which lie between the cheapening of rabbit-skins and the measurement of the stars almost appal the imagination. The prosy man goes through a regular apprenticeship; the inventive man creates a means of his own. We call to mind a strange figure we met once at some Kentish village inn. The man was a human lathe, pliable and strong; with a pliable, easy will also. It was the passion of his life to live without a master, and be continually moving. He had invented a means of earning his cut at a shoulder of mutton precisely adapted to his whim and passion. He became a perfect master of the art of sharpening saws, and travelled from village to village, from township to township, with the certainty of employment in any butcher's shop. The butchers looked forward to his coming, because, for two shillings, he would make their saws keen as razors. There are the wreckers, the carion-kites who frequent our Channel coasts, and draw their legs of mutton off drowned men's fingers, and out of sea-logged ships. Consider the originality and faith of the man who first based his claim to a leg of mutton upon the sale of those wooden frogs, dear to our childhood,

which jump by the simple aid of cobbler's wax! A right clever old lady was that who, left a widow with three children and without a penny, made her living out of a tumbler which she lent to thirsty wayfarers who frequented the icy pool near her gate. Fame and plentiful legs of mutton have been cooked by a persevering artist before now out of the melodious Jew's-harp. Body and soul have been kept together, in more than one man, by the vigorous collection of cigar ends. The first Thames mudlark was an ingenious young rascal, in his way. Thousands of substantial legs of mutton lie in London gutters. Careful fingers pick up the orange-peel that lies about Primrose Hill on Monday mornings, and by the help of apple-sauce this same peel makes much of that delectable Dundee marmalade recommended by the faculty. A sombre genius was that which said to its angry stomach, "Lay out the dead and eat!"

Our mind runs in this direction before the master in the art of turning to the purposes of life the riches of the gutter and the dust-bin, who had passed us in the orange-box. We had trudged some miles over breezy downs to meet him. As we turned the brow of a hill, deafening barks from some thirty dogs startled us. Down in the hollow before us, some sharp white rocks shelved abruptly from the fields, and, arranged like an advanced guard around the rock, protecting masses of indescribable rubbish it appeared to us, were our canine foes, dancing in the madness of their anger. Still we advanced, the barking growing fiercer as we neared the ours. The deep, hoarse note of the Newfoundland was relieved by the shrill pipes of the very wiry terrier. Strange barks, too, from very strange dogs with irresponsible tails, joined chorus. We were reminded of a friend's description of a convivial party at the height of their festivity, when every man sang the words he knew best to the air he knew best, and all at once. A field of early peas, and a velvety meadow specked with frolicsome lambs beyond (suggestive combination upon a table-land!), lay between us and the canine chorus, which fields, treading gingerly, we crossed, the advanced guard yelping louder and louder as we audaciously approached.

Against the steep chalk cliff old Mac had rested, slanting towards the road the shivered timbers of ships he had probably found along the shore. Ragged tarpaulin was matted over the timbers. Under this airy roof Mac could turn many an honest penny, as we shall presently see. Mac had hollowed the rock, and in the hollow—very like a bear-pit in little—Mac could rear puppies. Another hole was proceeding with, which, it was the opinion of Mac, would make a tidy yard, by the help of an old hurdle or two, where pigs might disport themselves. Colossal mounds of old tin and iron lay at either extremity of Mac's domain. Here were coffee and tea-pots, spoutless and handleless; saucepans that had been shamefully allowed to burn; dust-shovels in every stage of decay; coal-scuttles that could never have

come to this flattened and oxidised condition had they been in good hands. Near the warmed mounds of superannuated kitchen utensils (the vessels, which called to our saddened mind the ghosts of "thirty thousand dinners") lay lesser heaps of broken bottles—bottles cracked, possibly, at jovial gatherings, where this flattened fish-kettle at our feet did its duty to the salmon. We can hear porkers grunting under the ragged tarpaulin, young whelps whining in the little chalk bear-pit. A donkey, tethered to a long, low, greasy little cart adapted to the conveyance of dead horses, is drawn up behind the dogs. Indescribable lumps of flesh lie about amid the confused rubbish, but all between the dogs and the cliff.

Mac advances from behind his canine advanced guard to meet us. Our greetings are so much dumb-show; the dogs drown the words with which we would introduce ourselves to Mac. But we glance kindly at a little terrier, the obstreperous tenant of a capsized butter-tub, and our passport is clear to Mac's heart. A strange little square man is Mac, with his copper face and sharp black eyes, and his matted hair, running direct from the crown over his forehead (in clumps), under his ears and over his ears, in clumps too. A voluminous red comforter encompasses Mac's thick throat, whence a sharp, firm curl, like a very small rhinoceros tusk, points towards his chin. Mac wears a very greasy, shining old steward's jacket, a bargain, clearly. Then a leathern apron—but surely not to protect those trousers!—completes Mac's outer man. One moment: Mac has removed something that, cursorily regarded, conveys the decided impression that it is a long and somewhat irregular lump of coke. But, as he takes a red cotton handkerchief out of it (and which filled it, leaving us to wonder how Mac contrived to keep the coke upon his head), we discovered that it was, in very truth, a hat; a thing that (like all things belonging to Mac) had seen infinitely better days, but might now dare destiny to show it a more napless and disjointed old age.

As a preparation—and a very necessary preparation—for a gossip, Mac proceeded to cuff the terrier, kick the pointer, throw a stone at the bull-dog, and shout to the spaniel. But as fast as he quieted one set of barkers, half a dozen, unseen till that moment, would issue from under an old boat, that, turned keel upwards, appeared to be stuffed from stem to stern with every known variety of man's faithful companion. Every time we moved our arm or raised our voice the chorus was renewed.

"It ain't everybody as likes to pass 'em when I'm not by; things is pretty safe," said Mac, resting his thumbs upon his hips, and glancing proudly at the rusty tin and the chaos of glass. It struck us in the first place that he would be a very eccentric individual who should covet any of these the worldly goods of Mac, and, in the second place, that he would be a very lucky individual who should pass the advanced guard without feeling two very sharp canine teeth in

his calves, at the very least. A very ragged, daring, vulgar-looking dog, white, with a huge black patch upon the left eye, that from the eminence of a large stone that commanded the left extremity of the outposts, was pointed out to us as a Rooshian; while the right extremity of the outposts was held by a strange, long-bodied, short-legged animal, with a squirrel's tail and a snout like a pig, which strange animal, we were told, was a Portuguese. He had been cast ashore from a ship. Mac looked at his curious property, and, as he thoughtfully scratched that matted brown hair of his, he involuntarily wandered back to the days when he first became attached to the canine race—to the first dog of his heart.

"It were forty-five year ago, ay, that it were, every bit of it," said Mac, turning upon us to see how we stood the astounding fact. And he shook his head solemnly at us, and still, as we politely said "Indeed," and tried to look dumb-founded, he repeated, "Forty-five year, ay, that it is. I'm sixty-eight, that I am!" Again Mac believed that he had astonished us: and he took that remarkable hat of his off, and striking an attitude, challenged our credulity. "Ay, and I've had twelve on 'em." Were we upon our head or our heels? this was the question which Mac's inquiring eyes sought to fathom now. We conclude that our patient appearance did not satisfy Mac's anticipations, since he branched off from his autobiography suddenly to his dogs. Dogs were his 'obby when he was a boy. He remembered in Boney's time going off to the fleet in the Downs, in the bum-boats, and buying broken biscuit and biscuit dust of the sailors. With "pot-wash," and the like, it made good food for the dogs, and they thrived upon it. Mac sidled to the Portuguese dog as he spoke, and peered into the dilapidated egg-crest which was the home of Don Pedro's canine subject, to see if all were comfortable. The beast licked his master's shoes. Mac declared that he was a queer animal, and he had never seen the like of him before. "They do tell me," added the proud master, "that in his own country, he's a rare fellow after the parkipines." We concluded that Mr. Mac meant porcupines.

Then Mac pressed us to peer into a dark chamber cut in the rocks, where pigs were wallowing in the dark, and where puppies were feeding upon horseflesh. The passing gale was scented with—Well, we held our breath, and permitted Mac (who appeared to be in Arabia Felix) to dwell upon the economy of his domain.

"It wouldn't do to feed nothing." This was his fundamental maxim. He kept pigs while he could collect enough gratuitous pot-wash to keep them. To buy of the miller was ruin. While he went about collecting pot-wash, he picked up old tin, and iron, and glass. Then he bought all the dead horses he could get, at a price. He gave the miller, on the hill yonder, a sovereign for his grey horse.

"You remember the grey mare?" said Mac, turning his keen grey eyes sharply upon us.

We confessed our ignorance: Mac was astonished at its profundity, but proceeded to give us a few more hints, with the air of a man who is throwing his knowledge away.

Yes, he gave a sovereign for the grey mare; but then there was a little fat upon her, and he could boil it down, and make a few shillings by selling it to the farmers round about for cart-grease. Well, then, the bones and hide fetched him the rest of the money, and he had the flesh for nothing, for his dogs. Mac now looked with the triumphant air of a man who had mastered a great difficulty. There was a superlatively knowing look in his eye; but this was not all. The mane went for horse-hair cloth; the hoofs for gelatine; the liver, in a putrescent state, to flavour London hashes, in the disguise of mushroom sauce! The marrow of the bones became dainty pomatum for Belinda's hair. The bones, with a little sulphuric acid, made manure; with flour, bread.

There is a merry twinkle in Mac's eye as he proceeds. He has many knowing ways of turning a penny; but, he returns to it again and again, dogs are his 'obby. Nevertheless, anything comes handy to him. When the mounds of rusty tin before us have been doubled in height and girth, he shall fill a ship with them and send them to Wales. "They do tell me," added the old man, as he lifted a flattened saucepan, "the sawder runs out of it, when they heat it, like rain." Colour, he believed, was got from the rust.

Mac would buy old rags, too. Nor was he particular when knowing people put heavy things in the middle of the bundle, with a notion of cheating; for the weight was generally something more valuable than the rags. Could remember finding a patent lock worth five shillings thrown in as a make-weight. "But I'm as poor as Job," said Mac, fearing that we should infer from his shrewd business views, that he had amassed money. "Poor as Job!" Mac repeated, as he glanced into an open tub.

"That wasn't a bad job, neither." We approached the tub. It contained a dead hog Mac had bought, all for his voracious canine outposts. "He brought him," said Mac, nodding towards his donkey, which was nibbling scanty grass by the roadside. "Ay, and that donkey is equal to the biggest horse in the island." Mac meant that his faithful steed could drag home the heaviest dead horse in the Isle of Thanet. Then we learned the age of the donkey, and then the age of Mr. Mac's children. He had had twelve, and he was as poor as Job, he again and again said to us. And he had reared 'em all, and he had never had a doctor. He would pile wonder upon wonder before us. He had never had no doctor. His old woman doctored the children. They had the small-pox; well, she gave 'em a little brimstone and treacle, and they got over it. As for himself, he had the cholera, but he did nothing for it, and there he was. He cut his thumb nearly off (here a ghastly wound was displayed)—people wanted him to go to the doctor—but he just bound it

up, and it healed. He could eat as 'earty as any one, thank God. Life was all a chance—it must go as it growed.

Mac had his amusements. He practised his terriers in the noble science of rat-killing. But his 'obby monopolised nearly all his waking hours. There was not a by-road in the island along which his searching eye had not ranged; there was not a farmer, for many miles round, who did not know him, and keep a good word for him; there was hardly a tub of pot-wash within reach that was not accessible to him. He passed by hundreds of beggars on his rounds, who were free as he was to find food at their feet; to dig holes in the rock, and beg spars of sunken ships; to amass old tin and broken bottles; to collect pot-wash and rear pigs. Only Mac had a 'obby, and it was one that led to industry, and to a thousand economical shifts. And, we are certain of it, that Mr. Mac, with all his humility, is not as poor as Job; nay, that there are many men, wearing better coats than he sports, in the fruitful Isle of Thanet, who cannot count a sixpence for any shilling Mac may number any day in the year.

FIVE NEW POINTS OF CRIMINAL LAW.

THE existing Criminal Law has been found in trials for Murder, to be so exceedingly hasty, unfair, and oppressive—in a word, to be so very objectionable to the amiable persons accused of that thoughtless act—that it is, we understand, the intention of the Government to bring in a Bill for its amendment. We have been favoured with an outline of its probable provisions.

It will be grounded on the profound principle that the real offender is the Murdered Person; but for whose obstinate persistency in being murdered, the interesting fellow-creature to be tried could not have got into trouble.

Its leading enactments may be expected to resolve themselves under the following heads:

1. There shall be no Judge. Strong representations have been made by highly popular culprits that the presence of this obtrusive character is prejudicial to their best interests. The Court will be composed of a political gentleman, sitting in a secluded room commanding a view of St. James's Park, who has already more to do than any human creature can, by any stretch of the human imagination, be supposed capable of doing.

2. The Jury to consist of Five Thousand Five Hundred and Fifty-five Volunteers.

3. The Jury to be strictly prohibited from seeing either the accused or the witnesses. They are not to be sworn. They are on no account to hear the evidence. They are to receive it, or such representations of it, as may happen to fall in their way; and they will constantly write letters about it to all the Papers.

4. Supposing the trial to be a trial for Murder by poisoning, and supposing the hypothetical case, or the evidence, for the prosecution to charge the administration of two poisons, say

Arsenic and Antimony; and supposing the taint of Arsenic in the body to be possible but not probable, and the presence of Antimony in the body, to be an absolute certainty; it will then become the duty of the Jury to confine their attention solely to the Arsenic, and entirely to dismiss the Antimony from their minds.

5. The symptoms preceding the death of the real offender (or Murdered Person) being described in evidence by medical practitioners who saw them, other medical practitioners who never saw them shall be required to state whether they are inconsistent with certain known diseases—but, *they shall never be asked whether they are not exactly consistent with the administration of Poison.* To illustrate this enactment in the proposed Bill by a case:—A raging mad dog is seen to run into the house where Z lives alone, foaming at the mouth. Z and the mad dog are for some time left together in that house under proved circumstances, irresistibly leading to the conclusion that Z has been bitten by the dog. Z is afterwards found lying on his bed in a state of hydrophobia, and with the marks of the dog's teeth. Now, the symptoms of that disease being identical with those of another disease called Tetanus, which might supervene on Z's running a rusty nail into a certain part of his foot, medical practitioners who never saw Z, shall bear testimony to that abstract fact, and it shall then be incumbent on the Registrar-General to certify that Z died of a rusty nail.

It is hoped that these alterations in the present mode of procedure will not only be quite satisfactory to the accused person (which is the first great consideration), but will also tend, in a tolerable degree, to the welfare and safety of Society. For it is not sought in this moderate and prudent measure to be wholly denied that it is an inconvenience to Society to be poisoned overmuch.

PORTSMOUTH.

If our topography were not the most capriciously written of any branch of our literature—it being quite an accident whether a place possesses its local history or no—what a book we should have about Portsmouth! Far away into the depths of the middle ages, one traces it, as one traces the sea that fills the harbour itself, for miles, till it loses itself in country creeks that look like rivers. Brawny Norsemen, with their blue eyes, long hair, and battle-axes, came there to plunder while as yet the Isle of Wight was jute and England was a half-cleared forest dotted with monasteries and wooden castles. Our sea-going ancestors soon found the merit of the roadstead outside and of the basin within—more nautical in their instincts than the Romans, who had made their settlement at Porchester. It was a handy place for those who wished to go to holy Winchester, and after the Conquest (which it might have helped to avert if the Saxons had made a right use of their elements of sea strength) its importance increased. Curt-

those landed here to dispute the crown with his usurping brother, and Maud to assert her rights against Stephen. Its name flashes out here and there, like a revolving light, in the feudal story of England. The French burned it under Richard the Second, a surprise revenged on their own shores by-and-by. Edward the Fourth made fortifications there, to which Henry the Seventh added. Under the Eighth Harry, the Mary Ross, our finest ship up to that time, went down off its coast, forerunner of the catastrophe of the Royal George in the last century. In Portsmouth, Charles the First landed when he returned from his Spanish journey, little foreseeing the fate of his favourite, Buckingham, from Felton's knife at the same place. What various faces and scenes were witnessed by that old corporation, which sent a member to Parliament, too, from a very early period.

When we come down to quite modern times, Portsmouth becomes more and more conspicuous, the poetry and the humour of sea-life gather about it. Cowper sings, in clear, simple, funeral-bell notes, the loss of that great line-of-battle ship of Kempenfelt's, which sucked into a whirlpool, formed by itself, hundreds of human lives. Yet the cheerful associations predominate. Brave old admirals in pig-tails rise before one in thinking of it, and we fancy them rounding the island, with captured Frenchmen in company, amidst the cheering and ringing of the town. King George goes down there to dine with Lord Howe after the First of June. Marryat's midshipmen leap from the roof of the coach at the door of the Blue Posts, and a quieter, but not less plucky race of lads, who are about to embark in the *Ramchunder*, *Indiaman*, for the Hooghly. Portsmouth is changed in some social aspects now, and has become at once a greater naval station and arsenal and a less interesting town. Southampton has carried away one stream of traffic, and Liverpool another, thanks to the development of all-changing steam. Portsmouth Proper—that part of the place which gives its name to the whole—has suffered most. The expanding power is in the great eastern suburbs of Southsea, where has arisen a town and population of its own, with crescents, squares, and terraces of the latest sea-side fashion, and new fortifications to match. On the whole, Portsmouth is a dull place, the garrison and squadron say; best in winter (add the faster men), when there is hunting in the neighbourhood, and good company in consequence.

But you may hunt in many places, and our present object is naval, and the summer-for us when the sea is concerned; and so we ask the reader to accompany us this fine autumn to the most Portsmouth-ian part of Portsmouth. Let him place himself with us in an old-fashioned, queerly-built hotel on "Point," built on the very water of the harbour, on your right (perhaps I should say "starboard") side as you enter from the offing. We mount a balcony standing out into the sea-breeze (which same breeze shakes your windows at night), and from which

you can have a capital bird's-eye view. Nothing like a bird's-eye view (when your bird is not a goose!) to begin with.

Well, there, on your left, is fair "Vecta," the Isle of Wight, green and round, and with the white town of Ryde glittering in the sunlight at its fringe. There spreads the Channel squadron before you. H.M.S. *James Watt*, H.M.S. *Hero*, H.M.S. *Algiers*, H.M.S. *Royal Albert* (three-decker), H.M.S. *Agamemnon*, are the liners. The *Edgar* and *Neptune*, also liners, have sailed for Portland, where it is easier to get the crew into order. The frigates are the *Imperieuse* (nauticæ, the *Imperouse*), *Mersey*, *Emerald*, and *Diadem*. In the distance, near Ryde, lies the Russian frigate which brought Duke Constantine the other day, and two more Russian frigates and a liner (with the blue St. Andrew's cross waving) lie at the other end of our squadron. What a brilliant spectacle Spitham makes with all these vessels lying there, the sunlight glittering on their chequered sides, the wind making their colours fly, and in and out, round and round the floating castles, the white-canvased yachts, the sea-butterflies among the sea-eagles! It is a great yachting time, and in these kingdoms (let us mention in passing) there is an average of eight thousand skilled seamen afloat under yachting flags.

Turn now to the opposite side of the harbour. Before you is Block-house Point, a portion of our fortifications. It looks very fresh and cheerful, the effect of the brickwork of which great part of it is composed. I have been told, however, that that kind of stuff is not good for fortifications, is made havoc of by shot, and is inferior far to the earthwork which we see specimens of in the bastions of Gosport and Portsmouth. Naval men, when the subject of the fortifications comes on the tapis, declare that the only passages for ships can be blocked up by sinking craft, that, besides, there are plenty of undefended landing-places on the Sussex coast (near Selsey Bill, and so on) which would be attacked in preference to Portsmouth. Our ancestors, in their primitive way, had a chain across the harbour when needed, but that was before the era of Lancaster and Armstrong guns. Near Blockhouse Point is Haslar Hospital, spacious, airy, imposing; and on the same (or Gosport) side is Haslar Creek, where our gunboats are at present drawn up, peacefully disposing till wanted again. The eye, sweeping round to the right, now takes in Gosport (constantly connected with Portsmouth by a steam bridge), and wandering past the victualling buildings and huge biscuit bakery, loses the distinction of objects in the distant inner part of the harbour.

But we are on the harbour itself in our balcony, and a stirring scene it is in a time of unwonted naval activity. Two three-deckers are the most tranquil objects there—H.M.S. *Britannia* and H.M.S. *Victory*—the last bearing the blue flag of Admiral Bowles. The *Britannia*, I remember, years ago, in the Mediterranean, commanded by

a strict gentleman, whose favourite exclamation was, "Britannia rules the waves, and I rule the Britannia!" Now she has succeeded the illustrious as "training ship" for cadets and novices, and is, therefore, important enough to demand an article to herself. Observe, only just now, that mizen-topsail of hers fluttering in the wind: the youngsters learning to reef, furl, &c., are the future Nelsons and Collingwoods of the navy—gentlemen's sons making their first acquaintance with the service. The "old Victory" (such is her affectionate appellation at Portsmouth) lies farther up the harbour, on the side from which we are contemplating it. There is a bit of historic oak for you, far more memorable than the royal oak which sheltered a king! A plate on her upper deck still marks the spot where Nelson fell; and you can still recognise in the cockpit how, by the dim yellow light of lanterns, amidst faces in which the grimness of the hot battle was softened by grief, the life of the great naval hero ebbed away. She is advancing to her centenary, our old Victory, having been built at Chatham in 1763. But, last year, she was eight months in dock for a thorough repair, and she has many years of usefulness and honour before her yet. She has witnessed changes in her time—changes which may be summed up by saying that she herself is of less tonnage than the Mersey frigate of forty guns now lying at Spithead. Pass along the harbour in a boat, and you will see many such illustrations of naval change. Those dirty-looking unpainted two-deckers, which have obviously an ignoble future only in reserve for them, were the crack vessels of the Mediterranean station not so many years back. One "beat off" a lee-shore, in Syria, during the terrible gale of the winter of 1840, when the Pique lost her masts, and the Princess Charlotte "drove" with three anchors down. Another was in command of the squadron which blockaded Mehemet Ali. Both are superseded by the screw ninety-ones out yonder—heavier, roomier, and faster (take them all in all) than any of their predecessors.

While we are thus observing and moralising, there is a perpetual movement going on in the harbour, as constant as that of the tide. A lovely steam-yacht, neat and bright as a silver spoon, rushes in: it is one of the Queen's "tenders." A prosaic brigantine comes trailing after her under dusky canvas, hauled through a gigantic trumpet (which startles our coffee-room) from the "Customs" watch-house" and made to describe herself. She is loaded with coals, the vital necessity of the navy in our day. The man-of-war brig "bringing to" so prettily is the *Rolla*, returned from a cruise in which she has been exercising apprentices, or perhaps the little *Sea Lark*, a tender to the *Britannia*, with similar duties. The long huge black steamer, her deck fringed with a line of scarlet coats, is the *Himalaya*, the famous troop-ship bought by Government from the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Boats are endlessly on the wing; shore-boats, sprit-rigged, whose masters know

every dodge of wind and tide (not to say every art of getting double fare out of a poor Cockney); man-of-war boats, with their measured jerk in the row-locks ("jerk-work—work-jerk"), Russian ones among them, with a peculiar and less agreeable, but a strong "stroke" all the same. Such, I say, is the coup-d'œil of the harbour, ever changing, and yet ever the same; enlivened now and then by a salute (setting our coffee-room all agog, and giving rise to the wildest rumours), perhaps by a court-martial gun from the *Victory*, at eight A.M. In the last case, one makes inquiry, and learns something of the curious audacity and credulity of the human mind. A seaman is to be tried who deserted from the *Maraschino*, in America, and came and offered himself at Portsmouth, attracted by the bounty, in six months! There is a good deal of desertion in these times, so that officers make the best of it, and mark a man only "run, with a query," if there is a chance of his not having deserted in earnest. To remove, also, all pretext for the offence, "liberty," or leave to go ashore, is liberally granted at present—one reason why we find our squadron at Spithead now. Half of each of the two "watchers" goes on shore for twenty-four hours, being landed in her Majesty's gunboat *Blazer*, at the public expense—a luxury at which you hear a growl or two from rigid disciplinarians. "The service is changed, sir," growled one of these gentlemen in my hearing; "Jack's as good as his master, now. When I joined the service, you called a fellow 'a son of a So and So,' and nothing was thought of it!" I need scarcely say that he looked like a person who would avail himself of the last-mentioned luxury, amply, but I had not a tear to spare for his melancholy position.

A ramble round the town, starting from our headquarters at Point? Agreed.

We have more than one choice. If we please, we can stroll along to Southsea Common, and see the Rifles exercising,—a very pretty sight in its way. Or we can hear the band play on the Parade at a stated hour,—a recreation to which the polite world of Portsmouth is much given. Or we may wander along the fortifications, passing solitary sentries, long, clean cannon, piles of shot, as neat as billiard-balls, earth-work bastions, on which pink wild flowers grow, here and there, as peacefully as if there had never been a war in the world's history. But it is naval Portsmouth that we have come to see, and all that marks the nautical character of the place has the chief claim on our attention.

Seaports are altogether sui generis, with their own populations, own shops, own manners, and own smiles. Something eccentric marks them always, and permeates them, like that mystic odour known to Sheerness, known to Devonport, and of which all my mental chemistry failed to give me an analysis during this late Portsmouth visit. For instance, I see before me the announcement, "Receiving House for the Drowned;" and just below it, the "Fortitude Tap." Is this accident, or stoical philosophy?

Again, how odd the public-house signs! "The Neptune and Mars;" "The Arethusa and Circe"—specimens of that quaint grafting of the classic laurel on the British oak which marks our naval history. A rude pictorial sentiment, however, mingles itself with all appeals to sailors, even of the most business-like character. A bit of clap-trap is prepared for him at the slopseller's, and in the bill which invites him to enter a newly commissioned ship. Kind people treat him like a child, harsh people like a beast. For his own part, poor fellow, he often acts as if he were a mixture of the two; and we may see him, here, spending his money in treating a stranger, and drinking himself into the kennel at the same time. Sailors' Homes do something to civilise him, but there are still sights—especially in Portsea and Gosport—which would appal inland Britons.

While we watch our Jack sailing along, his knife dangling from his side, his Guernsey frock collar back, his curls (if a Sandy) floating below the straw hat, or pushed back on his head, a body of Russian sailors just landed comes by, and we cannot help an extra-curious glance at them. At first sight, at a distance, one is struck by their general likeness to seamen—our own particularly. They jump, and don't march, out of their boat. The hat with the ribbon bearing the ship's name, the white trousers, the frock—all have a nautical look. They are big men, too, if ugly, and the sunburnt hue about them tends to favour the first impression, and to make you dismiss the old notion that a Russian sailor is a dummy meant only for show. Still, a nearer look weakens this sentiment of reaction that has been going on in your mind: a certain bagginess in the hinder regions, a certain sameness of type in cut and manner, a want of the individuality, the character, the abandon of our fellows,—all announces an inferior in the Russian sailor. Our sailors are a species by themselves, with a definite place in literature, even, of their own. There is nothing of this sort about the Russ. He looks strong, active, good-natured, brave, and faithful; but he is ages off having attained an historic individuality. You recognise in him the man who has not yet got traditions, and our traditions make our force, as a Russian officer observed to me.

The Russian sailor, for the most part, is an ugly fellow, but there are faces that smack of Scandinavia. On pleasure, they are troublesome in foreign places, being fond of overhauling half a shop without being contented with the prices. To mark their simple and practical method of dealing at a public-house is, however, refreshing. After a debate amongst themselves, during which the British landlady remains puzzled and patient, the spokesman advances: "Madame! Rom!" He then indicates the quantity by producing a coin, and the whole party proceeds to take drams. I saw one man, obviously of Tartar extraction, whose performance was what the Americans call "a caution." He bolted his glass as a juggler swallows tape, with a fierce gasp of pleasure after it, which

brought a thousand years of barbarism before one's imagination. But enough of the Russian sailor just now, for we are to visit him presently on board his own ship.

Little things are very significant to the observing Rambler through a town. We wander into Portsea, through red narrow streets, over drawbridges, past the long wall of the Ordnance department. We observe "Philosophical Institution" written on a building of the seedy un-Greek order; but philosophy has had to put the shutters up, and dust is gradually thickening on the panes. Seaports are not literary, except it be in the way of fast novels in gaudy colours, for which there appears a tolerable demand.

Portsea is the most nautical part of Portsmouth. Here is the famous "Common Hard," where "liberty men" hasten to disport themselves; where few shops offer advances on prize-money and slave-captures; where the "Naval Rendezvous" invites men by bills to join H.M.S. Procrastination (wanting "a captain of the fore-top, a captain of the main-top, a good fiddler," and as many seamen as she can get), and where are several hosteleries famous among naval men. Of these last is the "Benbow's Head," the favourite haunt of the junior and gayer part of the profession, while older and steadier gentlemen frequent the "Elephant and Castle." In the coffee-rooms of the former, a stranger will not improbably find a copy of the Admiralty's Gunery Instructions, brought ashore by some youth who is "passing" in that science on board the "Excellent," and who combines with professional study a relish for pale ale. The youth is gone for a stroll, however, and the stranger may peruse at his leisure such examination questions as, "What is the first thing you do on getting into a rocket-boat?" (to which the reply in his case would seem to be, "Get out again!"); or, "Will grape penetrate the sides of a ship?" followed by the amplest information on the subject of red-hot shot. The talk at the B. H. is at once professional and playful, the well-known old mixture of smartness and shop. Charley Vivian was passing the college for navigation the other day, and when told that his latitude was only half the proper amount, gravely informed the authorities that he "forgot to multiply by two." Billy Sparkles has "missed stays," Tom Proby, by help of "a sweating fellow," has pulled through. It is much the same kind of talk one heard fifteen years ago; but the examinations are more numerous and more strict than in those days, a change which is making itself felt through the profession.

At the end of the Hard, we come to an imposing wall and a gate guarded by policemen. It is the entry to the dockyard, an establishment which we are too curious, as well as patriotic, not to visit. Foreigners are excluded, unless they come with formal permission from the Admiralty; but we Britons are civilly admitted through the portals, and when there are enough of us to form a decent convoy, a policeman takes us under his wing, and conducts us through the

yard. On either side we see large buildings, the first of which, on the left hand, entered by us, is the Mast-House. Here are the masts of her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, duly ticketed, several of them with the names of those to which they belong. They lie there in rows like fell trees, and not without a gleam of the poetry of the forest about them still. The great lower masts of men-of-war are, indeed, built, as much as the ship itself. But a top-mast, or a top-gallant-mast, is still a pine, and retains in its manufactured state something of the charm of a tree. What will become of the romance of the tree, when we have—as the Naval Peer predicts we shall—ships without masts? From the Mast-House we cross over to the Rope-House, which is one thousand and ninety-seven feet long. The whir of machinery recalls the great factories of the north; and our senses are attacked at once by endless lines of brown yarn spinning itself thicker and thicker; men moving about with bundles which mysteriously begin to turn into yarn too; pools of bubbling pitch kept hot for the growing rope to pass through. Miles of rope of all sizes are made here on the different floors. Emerging, we see a batch of convicts harnessed together (a very dreary four-in-hand!), with such stuff as we have just seen making, and dragging along a huge piece of timber under the eye of a grim-looking task-master. "They sends the onrliest of them here," observes our policeman, "for they knows they're brought into order." Having looked at the Nelson—originally a hundred-gun ship, but never commissioned, and now being altered so as to be fit for a screw, which brief biography would do for more vessels than H.M.S. Nelson, apparently only built to rot—we enter a building where they are making blocks. This is a very pretty little operation, one of those neat affairs where machinery has its playful rather than its usual savage and triumphant air on. The pale, intelligent-looking mechanic takes up a bit of fragrant elm-wood; he makes the machinery whistle into it, and it is "bored;" again, and it is "morticed;" again (the circular saw hissing about it this time), and it is "commered;" a fourth time, and it is "shaped;" a last time, and it is "scored." A few minutes have passed, and the lump of wood is already a "block;" wanting little but the lignum vitæ wheel inside, on which the rope turns. The shavings accumulated by this process are capital as firewood, and used for that purpose (we were told) in the royal palaces as elsewhere.

We now approached a building of glass and iron (one of the many results of the first Crystal Palace), but dark and sooty-looking—the Blacksmiths' Shop. This is a comparatively new affair, the old blacksmiths' shop having been "a ramshackle place," as the sailors say. Glad to hail an improvement, and having with pleasure seen traces of the newer discoveries in machinery in the departments already visited, we enter this Crystal Palace of the Cyclops. The ring of hammers, the glare of forges, the passing to and fro of swarthy figures, strike all together

upon us as we enter this spacious and convenient place, and see red-hot iron being manipulated as readily as ribbons. From three to four hundred men are at work here, on the various iron-work used in ship-building and ships. Lofty and airy as it is, we are glad to find ourselves in the air again—air flavoured by the salt of the sea. We stroll along to the Dry Docks, which have the appearance of huge and gigantic baths. In these we find different vessels going through processes of repair, their green hulls showing the long action of the water. A clatter of various tools is heard, as plank replaces plank—sound oak or teak—that which time and exposure have injured. The most insidious enemy of a man-of-war is that dry-rot which silently eats away, often, the vitality of her timbers, and has something mysterious about it which makes its terrors greater.

But more interesting than the Dry Docks are the Building Slips, which we proceed to visit next—mighty cradles of the masters of the sea. Five great vessels are before us, each under its arched shed, and with its name painted up on the lofty scaffolding in front of it. A new set of noises meet us here, and give a fresh impulse to the sense of activity prevailing which has been felt by us all along. Not many objects of human skill and industry are so imposing as a great man-of-war well advanced in building. The skeleton stage—when her majestic ribs recall the megatheria of the primeval world—has its own grandeur. But, come to the Victoria—this new three-decker, which is to be launched in some five or six weeks, which has clothed its framework with the spoil of ancient forests, and is now a formed ship—if you would feel, in full force, the dignity of naval architecture. She rises above you like an abbey or a castle. She has that mixture of solidity and freshness which is impressed on the sensations by massive timber fresh from the adze and the saw. Five hundred men are working upon her, and their din sounds cheerily through the autumn air—would sound still more cheerily if we heard it from the harbour. Yet they seem lost in that great hull, which owes its development to their labours. Made by man, she appears greater than man; for, somehow, all that belongs to the sea—be it a three-decker, be it a shell—partakes of that vague impressive poetry which the sea's infinitude creates in the imagination.

The Victoria (let us mount the long sloping gangway which conducts to her decks) is to carry one hundred and eleven of the heaviest guns used in the navy. Observe the roominess, the height between decks, characteristic of our latest ship-building, the iron knees (a recent improvement): all mark an effort to produce a Queen of the Sea. You indulge in an exclamation, perhaps, about British oak. But the truth is, that we have almost used up that noble old product, just as we are rising up the whale. We have now to bring our timber from all parts of the world—oak from Canada, Sardinia, Africa;

teak from India; pine from Norway. The Victoria is a testimony to our imperial power, which she is to help to defend, not a creation of the island only. Tropical birds have flaunted through one batch of her timbers; another has been carted in waggons of which the wheels were heavy with snow. And she will be worthy of so great a range of empire, such a world-embracing trade. There is a set against line-of-battle ships now. But the tendency of the age is to concentrate force in masses—money in millions—troops in gigantic armies—populations in great cities—and ships like the Victoria are the naval results of the law. She will be swift as well as strong; and it is a great thing to have power in a lump. That big ships will be “slaughter-houses” is a favourite objection to them, and the use of shells in sea-fights has yet to be fully appreciated, the taste of it at Sebastopol (where some of our ships were on fire in more than one place) having proved ugly enough. But if there is more danger, it will be the sooner over; the superiority of the better combatant will be the more quickly and heavily felt, the prize won by him will be the greater and costlier for all these changes. Meanwhile, all such argument is superfluous, for other powers build great ships, and with great ships we must oppose them. One shell might blow up the Victoria, as it might blow up a magazine. But then she is heavily armed just that she may be the more likely to make quick work of the gentlemen desirous of blowing her up, and her size contributes to that object.

On the whole, we leave the dockyard with an agreeable feeling. Much remains to be done; and there is a flutter among the officials when “Sir Charley” makes his appearance at the “Fountain” in High-street; but the present resources of Portsmouth Dockyard have been actively worked this summer. The very smell of Portsea—for it is low water—does not dissipate the sense of satisfaction as we leave; and being in an active mood, we resolve, after an early dinner, to cruise round the Channel squadron at Spithead, and to carry a Russian vessel or two by boarding, in a friendly and genial spirit. Mr. Baker, the Russian vice-consul, who is very busy just now, is not too busy to be polite and attentive, and kindly undertakes to introduce us.

A cruise round our squadron has again the effect of making us feel the increased size of modern vessels. The two-deckers are all of recent build, all of ninety-one guns, all more spacious and more heavily armed than was the case a few years ago. They are all screws, as a matter of course, we may now add. Perhaps, the most striking vessel of the fleet is the frigate *Mersey*, of forty guns, and more than three thousand seven hundred tons. In size and room, beam, length, distance between the ports, she is of a class of frigates altogether unknown to the last generation, and of which very few exist in the world. All her guns are of the heaviest description used afloat.

The weak point of our Channel squadron is still the manning, the difficulty of getting, not

mere men, but “leading” and able seamen. Precise information on such points is not easily attainable at Portsmouth; but the general tone about them is hardly one of satisfaction. As to the “order” in which the ships are, there being many degrees of order from respectability up to perfection, it would be presumptuous to speak confidently. The squadron is still young. It will get disciplined and trained at sea, and it is to be hoped will have a good deal of cruising. Meanwhile, we must remember that it is getting more and more difficult to induce men to submit to the restraints and confinement of man-of-war life. There have been incidents in one or two ships, lately, both at home and in the Mediterranean, calculated to set our authorities thinking on this subject. The problem is, to make the men happy without damage to discipline, without that preference of the men’s convenience to the officers’ authority, which one hears complained of. By all means avoid this danger while popularising the service. One grievance of the men at present seems reasonable; it is the delay that occurs before their families can get the pay which they set apart for them. Painful stories are told about the consequences of this tardiness, due, it is said, to the clumsiness and complications of the account-keeping in London. Surely, in a “commercial country,” we can remedy evils like this—evils turning on a want of rapid arithmetic, good clerks, and handy ledgers.

Meanwhile, we sweep round, out boat-hook, and glide alongside his Imperial Majesty’s frigate, *Polkau*. She is of forty-four guns, four hundred and thirty men, and four hundred horse-power. She was modelled on our *Argonaut*, as the *Svetlana* was built at Bordenau, for all nations contribute something to the development of the great Northern Power, which hopes to learn from Europe how to excel Europe by-and-by. The *Polkau* is a good specimen of the Russian navy, has been in commission for some years, and has lately returned from the Mediterranean. She is not the largest, we believe, of their frigates, but perhaps, on the whole, is in the best order.

On reaching the deck, our first impression (as when we saw the Russian sailors ashore) is, how like to our own ships! The decks are beautifully clean, the ropes neat, the woodwork polished. The guns are not of the *Mersey* calibre, but they are of the average size, with percussion locks, &c., just like ours, and with boarding-pikes, tomahawks, and so on, hanging up near them, in the orthodox manner. Look aloft, the yards are as neatly squared; look along the bulwarks, and the hammocks are as compactly stowed, as in an ordinary English man-of-war. You miss the marines, but there is a seaman armed with a musket doing sentry at the gangway instead. The officers don’t look like soldiers (our ancient impression, somewhat borne out by the Russian brigs we used to see in the Levant), but reasonably nautical. The men we have seen before; but they look “at home” between decks, and we scan them still more closely. Ugly fellows,

bat big—barring a Scandinavian here and there, with an eye as blue as the sea, the natural home of his race. Tartar faces in the crowd recall the desert and the tent; and one man is pointed out to us as a Mahometan. The Finns are in ships by themselves; for that strange, antique people (so long ago of the Scandinavian vikings) has its own character, traditions, and superstitions, and is best managed on "nationality" principles.

Passing round the decks, we notice the absence of mess-tables, for the crew eat out of a kind of tubs, after the fashion of a pic-nic. Their drink is "rom," as with ourselves. Nor is their discipline dissimilar. The punishment is flogging—formal, sometimes, as in English men-of-war, but casual, also, the agency in such case being a rope's end. This last is exploded in our service, though not in the American. There is, however, this important difference between an English and a Russian crew. The English one is "paid off," and goes where it likes. The Russian one goes to its barracks and its villages, but in either case can be recalled at the pleasure of government.

The most original-looking figure in a Russian man-of-war is the functionary answering to our chaplain—a monk. The priests of the national church being married, it is found more convenient to "draw" a holy man from a monastery and send him on board. He wears a bearskin cap, a beard, a long velvet gown, and top-boots, and looks strange among the swarthy sailors. Morning and night, the men assemble for prayers on the upper deck, in long lines, and a picturesque sight it is. Off go all hats. The monk prays rapidly and fervently, the men bowing and crossing themselves eagerly at intervals. On Sundays you may hear the hymn sounding from the main-deck, and see a real look of devotion on the swarthy faces as they join. At Easter, the captain kisses the crew all round, in token of Christian amity.

We descend, now, to the officers' mess-room (all officers, except the captain, mess together in Russian ships), and are received with true gentlemanly courtesy. In Russia, to be an officer in the marine, you must be "noble;" and a commission in the marine also constitutes noblesse. Among the officers, as among the men, there is diversity of race. Some are of pure Russ extraction, some of Polish, some of German, some even of Tartar—but of ancient or cream-of-Tartar blood. Duke Constantine is making the marine more and more popular among the aristocracy. But the national—the official—idea prevails over every other. You may be of the thirty princely houses sprung from Rurik, or the grandson of an ennobled foreigner, but you are Russian and naval avant tout.

There seems a greater freedom in a Russian mess than among us. If you want a cigar with your wine or tea (they drink tea out of tumblers without milk, which looks exactly like brandy-and-water), the mess-servant brings a wax-candle for you to light it by. Benbow would

not be long in his grave if such a thing were seen in one of her Majesty's vessels!

The Russian youngsters go to college before joining a ship, and are cadets before being midshipmen, and midshipmen before being lieutenants, as in our profession. All, or nearly all, speak French, but not so many English as one would have expected. There is a little naval journal, a kind of *Moniteur de la Flotte*, published in Russia for the express discussion of professional questions. This is another proof of their present zeal in sea affairs. Duke Constantine is doing much for his navy. That he is not a practical seaman in the strict sense is probable, but he has a thorough knowledge of the theory of everything belonging to it, and he is looked up to as a man of brains and energy. It is evident that the Russian navy believes in its future, evident even amidst the cordial admiration which the officers show for our navy and its history. Certainly they are sparing no pains, and we may now expect to hear of their squadrons frequently as en route to the Mediterranean and the Pacific. While at Spithead they have not invited rivalry in the ordinary evolutions—sending up and down top-gallant yards, loosing and furling sails, &c. But they had a field-day soon after the Grand-Duke's arrival, when they did not hesitate to invite the criticism of our squadron. Their presence altogether added much to the interest of Portsmouth during our summer visit, and it is paying them a just compliment to say that England ought to feel more vividly than ever the duty of keeping her flag flying at its old height.

OUR MR. DOVE.

MR. LILYSEED was a decidedly clever man. He had tried many professions and occupations about the provinces, and had found them all too slow as roads to wealth. His last and present occupation was that of a London linendraper.

Now a London linendraper may be, and often is, a very dull and respectable man, but Mr. Lilyseed was far too clever to be so tamely respectable. Go ahead was his creed, and Push on was his watchword; and this was the reason why he was largely trusted and respected. His orders were never neglected in Cannon-street or Manchester, and his bills were considered as good as bank-notes, after deducting a slight discount for the time during which they were running.

The main secret, however, of Mr. Lilyseed's popularity in the markets, was the excellent faith that he had always kept with his creditors. He had always paid his way. If anybody had suffered, his creditors were not the persons.

Mr. Lilyseed had, in some respects, been a singularly unfortunate man; a man who seemed doomed to be visited by the fearful calamity of fire. The electric fluid (as it is popularly called) had always spared his stock-in-trade and house-

hold gods, but not so the devouring element. The devouring element was exceedingly hard upon poor Mr. Lilyseed, or rather it would have been hard upon him, if he had not been excessively clever, prudent, and far-seeing. As it was, the devouring element was left to wreak its unruly vengeance upon a variety of fire-offices in which Mr. Lilyseed was fully insured, and especially upon the great office of the Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company. The Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company had plenty of money, a jolly board of directors, and an historical name and reputation, and they paid every demand that was made upon them with the least possible delay, and without any murmurs. The smaller offices sometimes showed a disposition to be waspish, but as their losses were reinsured in the Happy-go-Lucky Office, it was not their place to stand out in distinction from their leader.

It was a somewhat peculiar thing, too, when you came to think of it, that Mr. Lilyseed should have been so singularly afflicted. He called it "visited," when he was in a serious mood; but, call it by any name, and the fact was the same. A gas explosion at Birmingham; a total burn-out at Norwich; another gas explosion at Liverpool; and a fearful conflagration at his shop and dwelling-house in London, were a very remarkable series of accidents, to say the least of them. Mr. Lilyseed and his family were always saved—providentially saved—but the destruction of property was always enormous. Mr. Lilyseed had, once or twice, appeared with a bruise, a scorch, a sprained joint, or a head of hair singed, as if it had been prepared by a barber; and, on one occasion, he was nearly sacrificed to the fury of the devouring element; but not quite—in fact, very far from quite. The fires always occurred at a season of the year when the old stock was supposed to be getting dusty, the patterns stale, and the new stock had just come in. The Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company, however, took no notice of this; and after the last accident, they built a new block of premises for the enterprising but unfortunate linendraper. The lofty stone-fronted shop formed a very different receptacle for merchandise to the dingy, old, smoky-bricked buildings on either side of it.

This last act of liberality on the part of the Happy-go-Lucky Office did not seem to please Mr. Lilyseed like the cash-payment form of settlement that had been usually adopted. The expenditure of the money was thereby largely taken out of his hands, and he saw the gradual erection of a new castle and trading establishment, which left him with a very slender balance at his banker's. True, he had the usual payment for the usual stock that had been consumed as usual; and the lease of the new premises, by the rebuilding and improvements, was thereby rendered so much more valuable as a security for raising money. This was the immense advantage that Mr. Lilyseed derived from his last and fourth calamity by fire; and yet he was not satisfied!

Mr. Lilyseed's commercial operations had always been upon an ascending scale; that is to say, when he paid a manufacturer's bill of two hundred pounds, he bought four hundred pounds' worth more goods from the same person; and when, in other instances, he cleared off four hundred pounds sterling of debt, he accompanied it by taking on eight hundred pounds sterling of credit. This kept his warehouse well stocked with those materials of trade, which, by a little dexterous, though, perhaps, illegitimate manipulation, became the stepping-stone to available cash, that, in its turn, was useful in consolidating the structure of Mr. Lilyseed's credit.

Mr. Lilyseed was careful to preserve all the outward and visible signs, the forms, and the decencies, or indecencies, of trade. He advertised; he puffed, or was puffed; he connected himself with a political movement and a social movement; he registered a particular article of clothing with a very ugly, eccentric shape, and more ugly, eccentric Greek title; he did everything, in fact, that was usual or necessary in his trade and position, except to make the ordinary alarming sacrifices. For some reason, these were never required in Mr. Lilyseed's establishment. The stock was always pushed off, or consumed (by fire) without them.

Mr. Lilyseed was worthy of a more extended sphere of action. His financial abilities had never been brought into contact with the bill of exchange, or there is nothing that might not have been expected as the result. His business was nothing if not a ready-money business, and it gave no opportunities or excuse for drawing bills for goods that had really been sold, or for imaginary transactions that had never been entered into. When Mr. Lilyseed accepted a bill that was drawn by one of his manufacturers, he always did so with a sigh, as he saw glimpses of a financial paradise stretching before him, into which he was firmly forbidden, for the present, to enter.

A person of Mr. Lilyseed's ingenuity and resources was not, of course, to be left without a substitute for the accommodating and accommodation bill of exchange, although the substitute was one of a very clumsy, inferior, and inelastic nature.

Mr. Lilyseed had early placed himself in the hands of the auctioneers, and had found them a very useful and moneyed body of gentlemen. As gay young men about town are often found to be in the hands of the Jews, and yet seem to lead a very agreeable life, notwithstanding, so staid old shopkeepers about London are often in the hands of the auctioneers, and also lead a very agreeable life, notwithstanding.

A far less clever man than Mr. Lilyseed might have found an auctioneer prepared and willing to advance two-thirds of the cost-price value of goods intended for sale, when every newspaper is full of advertisements from such convenient business gentlemen. A far less cautious man than Mr. Lilyseed might have had no fear in sending

a few waggon-loads of silks and ribbons to such a well-backed capitalist, where as much individual secrecy of operation, with as much promptitude of payment, was ensured, as if the transaction had been one where stolen property was passing between a thief and a receiver. In this case, although caution and secrecy were observed, there was no pressure of any criminal law and its administration which rendered this absolutely necessary. The parties to the operation, if any notice had been taken of it, were, on the one hand, an established tradesman of name and repute, who was clearing out old goods to make room for new ones; and, on the other hand, an equally established auctioneer, of equal name and repute, who was well supported by a spotless and powerful banking-house, and who was receiving and dealing with these goods as per instructions delivered. It is true that after the sale is concluded, and the advance of two-thirds cost value with interest is deducted, together with certain sale-room charges and commission, there will be no balance worth mentioning to hand over to the seller of the property. This will involve a considerable loss that must fall upon somebody's shoulders, and not, perhaps, upon the shoulders of the tradesman who has secured and disposed of the money paid in advance; but this is no business of any impertinent magistrates, any prying police-officers, or any troublesome policemen.

If, in the fulness of time, and the rottenness of a trading smash, such an habitual indulgence in secret sale-room dissipation is found to lead to something very like a fraudulent bankruptcy, there are the proper tribunals appointed to deal with this difficulty, and the fearful penalty of a three months' suspension of certificate.

This was the ever ready means of converting heavy stock-in-trade into portable and circulating cash, of which Mr. Lilyseed had very frequently availed himself. He had not been under the same necessity to preserve an impenetrable secrecy, which weighs upon most traders who drink at the same fountain. The money he had received from these sales had been faithfully applied to his creditors, as far as it would go, and the balances which it left against him were of little importance in the case of so good a customer. The money he had received from the Happy-go-Lucky Fire Insurance Company after the devouring element had feasted upon its prey, was thus left securely in his possession, as a basis for future operations. This was no inconsiderable sum, for the account of losses that he rendered exhibited the utmost amount of property destroyed at the utmost of prime cost valuation. He always, somehow or other, forgot to mention the waggon-loads of goods that had been disposed of at the sale-rooms, and no one ever stepped forward to jog his memory. The Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Company never expressed any doubts, or raised any difficulty about paying Mr. Lilyseed's alarming claim, or if they did, there was no one to carry them beyond the

closed doors of the board-room. The system they worked upon was supposed to produce ultimate profit out of present losses; and in a trading association which spent an enormous sum in advertising every year, it was, perhaps, wisely thought that the prompt discharge of large claims was the best advertisement to increase an already gigantic business. A favourable feature in Lilyseed's case was the fact that his account-books were never destroyed nor even mutilated. The provincial gas explosions and fires, as well as the metropolitan burn-out, had all occurred at night, and at an hour when the books and papers were all secured in an invulnerable iron cupboard. This may have had its desired effect upon the minds of the insurance managers: in fact, it must have had an influence.

If Mr. Lilyseed was dissatisfied with the manner in which the Happy-go-Lucky Company had settled his last claim, it was not long before he had substantial reason to be far more dissatisfied. When his new shop was completed, and stocked more closely with valuable goods than it had ever been before, he had the unexpected mortification of having his insurance rejected. The Happy-go-Lucky Company had become prudent at last, and while they made no remark about past calamities, they steadily refused to receive any present or future premiums from Mr. Lilyseed. The game was a losing one, regarded from every point of view; and years after the clerks in the office had made up their minds upon this point, the board of directors had become dimly aware of it. Mr. Lilyseed was positively advised to try a few other large offices in the same line of business; but he was too clever and complete a tradesman to give himself any such unnecessary trouble. He knew it would be fruitless, and he kept his money. It is strange that from that moment he was never troubled with the devouring element.

A few months passed in what may be barely called a legitimate trade, brought on another attack of Mr. Lilyseed's speculative energy. It wanted but a few weeks to the fourth day of a certain January on which most of those manufacturers' bills would have to be paid, that had been drawn for the new stock-in-trade of the clever and complete tradesman. Mr. Lilyseed found himself very rapidly getting into a corner. It was not a corner in which he suffered from the scarcity of money, but a corner in which he had plenty of that coveted article, and wished to keep it. The cloven hoof began to be a little—just a little—apparent in Mr. Lilyseed's little counting-house. He saw no chance of preying any longer upon the Happy-go-Lucky, or any similar company, and he began to turn his own attention towards his creditors.

Mr. Lilyseed, for once, took a very unusual step with him—he consulted his solicitor, Mr. Darcy. Mr. Darcy was not a professional gentleman of any very great moral principle, but he was thoroughly grounded in the etiquette and routine of his business.

"My dear sir," he said to Mr. Lilyseed, "you must not come to me at this stage of your career, and tell me you're in difficulties. I mustn't hear it; I can't hear it; I don't hear it. You are not in difficulties; you are perfectly solvent; but you have a large creditor, a cash creditor, who is pressing you for a considerable sum, and you give him substantial security for his claim."

"But I have no such cred—" Mr. Lilyseed was observing, when Mr. Darcy abruptly stopped him. The clever and complete tradesman was only clever and complete in his own peculiar way—the way of making money out of the devouring element. In the office of Mr. Darcy he was again a child.

"That creditor will press you, if I understand you," returned Mr. Darcy, "in the course of the afternoon. You had better see me again upon the matter, the first thing in the morning. Good day."

Mr. Darcy bowed Mr. Lilyseed out with a profusion of nods, and winks, and signs, until the clever and complete tradesman began to see the course it was intended he should adopt. A very little walking brought him back to his counting-house, and a good deal of reflection made him summon Mr. Dove, "Our Mr. Dove," as he was called, his leading shopman, to his presence.

There were several reasons why Our Mr. Dove was sent for. In the first place, he was no relation of Mr. Lilyseed; in the next, he was an extremely mild, feeble, and manageable young man; and, in the next place, Mr. Lilyseed was much pressed to find a reliable persecuting cash creditor. Mr. Dove was sounded in the counting-house, was invited to supper, and was spoken to over some midnight pipes and tobacco, and midnight whisky-and-water. Mr. Lilyseed consumed the tobacco and whisky; Mr. Dove was not in the habit of smoking, and preferred a very weak and sweet mixture of wine-and-water.

"If I can do anything to serve you, sir," said Our Mr. Dove, in a timid and devoted manner, "you may command me thoroughly. I don't understand these things so well as I ought, because they belong to the counting-house, which is not my department; but I suppose I may rely upon Mr. Darcy, your solicitor, to set me right?"

"Undoubtedly," returned Mr. Lilyseed, in a satisfied and pompous tone (he was not only Mr. Dove's master, but he was old enough to be Mr. Dove's father). "Undoubtedly. Have you got a solicitor?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Dove, very modestly, "I never had any occasion for one."

"I thought not," said Mr. Lilyseed, "and I have provided accordingly. If you will step in, the first thing in the morning, to a Mr. Dusky, a professional gentleman, whose place of business is only four doors from Mr. Darcy's, at No. 15 in the same row, you can instruct him to sue me for five thousand pounds, debt and interest,

and you will find him thoroughly prepared to act upon your instructions."

The next day Our Mr. Dove instructed Mr. Dusky, who returned more instruction than he received. A writ was issued in the case of Dove versus Lilyseed. A deed of assignment, a bill of sale, was proposed by Mr. Darcy, acting for Mr. Lilyseed, to stop the action. The action was stopped by Mr. Dusky, acting for Mr. Dove, in consideration of Mr. Lilyseed executing this deed, conveying six thousand five hundred pounds in stock and book debts, and paying five hundred pounds in cash to Mr. Dove, within four-and-twenty hours. The margin of two thousand pounds, excess, was left to cover depreciation. An appointment was made to do this, at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment, before half this time had expired. Mr. Lilyseed had obtained the five hundred pounds, with great difficulty, from a client of Mr. Darcy's, a retiring capitalist, who advanced upon a substantial deposit of stock to twice the amount. This capitalist did not wish his name to appear, and the whole business was, therefore, transacted through Mr. Darcy.

At eleven o'clock one morning, the two solicitors, Mr. Dusky and Mr. Darcy, attended in Mr. Lilyseed's sitting-room to patch up the action of Dove versus Lilyseed. The plaintiff and defendant, of course, were both present.

"You are willing," said Mr. Dusky, speaking to his client, Mr. Dove, "to accept the bill of sale for six thousand five hundred pounds in stock-in-trade (according to the inventory attached), and a cash payment of five hundred pounds, as a satisfaction of your claim against Mr. Lilyseed?"

"Well," replied Our Mr. Dove, who acted his part to perfection, "I really know so little of these matters, that I must leave myself entirely in your hands."

"Mr. Darcy," said Mr. Dusky, addressing his fellow-solicitor, "will you instruct your client, Mr. Lilyseed, to execute the deed?"

Mr. Darcy did as he was requested, and the bill of sale, in favour of Mr. Dove, after a little whispering, a little mumbling, a little pointing, a sound of quill pens scratching upon parchment, and much placing of forefingers upon small red wafers, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered.

A promissory note for five thousand pounds, payable on demand, and bearing Mr. Lilyseed's signature in favour of Mr. Dove, was handed over to the latter gentleman, that he might sign a memorandum and receipt on its back, referring to the deed and the sum of five hundred pounds which was at that moment to be paid.

"Where do I put my name?" asked the mild and feeble Mr. Dove, as he took a very copious dip of ink.

"Immediately under the memorandum," exclaimed the two solicitors, almost simultaneously.

"Here?" again asked Mr. Dove, putting his

tongue out of the side of his mouth, like a schoolboy over a writing lesson.

"No, there," observed the solicitors, pettishly, almost guiding his hand to the place, and looking as if they pitied his clumsiness.

"Had I better sign it in full?" asked Mr. Dove.

"As you're called in the deed," they said, pushing that document towards him. "John Henry Dove. The matter's very simple."

"I think I ought to count the money—the five hundred pounds?" said Mr. Dove, still hesitating.

"It's all right, and in my possession," returned Mr. Dusky, peremptorily.

"I ought to count it," persisted Mr. Dove; "we always do so down in the shop."

The two solicitors looked at Mr. Lilyseed.

"Let him count it," said Mr. Lilyseed; "it's only five notes of a hundred each."

The money was handed over to Our Mr. Dove, who seemed to be getting very nervous. He counted it tremulously, and then signed the back of the promissory note in a hurried style of handwriting. After he had done this, he crumpled up the bank-notes and the promissory note, and put them in his trousers-pocket, while he rolled up the bill of sale, and grasped it like a stick.

"What are you doing?" shouted Mr. Lilyseed and the two solicitors.

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Mr. Dove, exhibiting a tendency to collapse; "I hope I haven't got into trouble. I ought to have consulted my mother."

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Lilyseed, authoritatively; "give the deed, the money, and the promissory note to Mr. Dusky, and go down to business."

"Oh, I can't do that, sir, to-day; indeed I can't," replied Our Mr. Dove, excitedly. "I feel quite ill. I must take a turn round the houses, or I won't answer for the consequences."

Mr. Dove was evidently very much worked upon by the occurrence of the morning, and every attempt to deal with him rationally, either on the part of Mr. Lilyseed or the two solicitors, was utterly hopeless. He was left, at last, in the hands of his employer, simply because no other practicable course presented itself. He persisted in retaining the money and papers; and, what was his in theory, became his in practice.

During the few weeks left to Mr. Lilyseed to prepare the decks for his intended insolvency, the relations of master and servant between him and his head shopman were not disturbed. Mr. Dove attended to his duties the same as usual, while Mr. Lilyseed, as a measure of security, instructed and paid another young man in the establishment to watch him closely, for fear he should dissipate or run away with the five hundred pounds. Mr. Dove, to his credit be it said, showed not the slightest disposition to behave in such an ungrateful manner. He was soft and timid, but he was not dishonest.

The fourth of that particular January arrived at last, and melted very quickly into the fifth. Every bill that bore Mr. Lilyseed's name was sent back unpaid from his banker's, for the very sufficient reason that there was no money lodged to discharge them with. Towards evening a number of London creditors arrived at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment with consternation depicted on their countenances. The next day and the next brought up the provincial and principal creditors, who were equally alarmed at the prospect of heavy bad debts.

They had always been remarkably placid and ready to renew their confidence in Mr. Lilyseed when it was the Happy-go-Lucky Insurance Office that was made to suffer. Any suspicions they may have had about sharp dealing on the part of their customer never seemed to shake their faith, for were they not always paid with tolerable regularity, and did not the destructive ravages of the devouring element always produce a fresh demand for merchandise? Now it had come to their turn to lose a stake they did not seem to relish it.

Mr. Lilyseed was not to be seen—he was too unwell to meet his trading connexions—and Mr. Dove was put forward to answer all necessary questions. Mr. Lilyseed's affairs were in the hands of his solicitor, Mr. Darcy, and Messrs. Nought and Carryone, the distinguished accountants, had received instructions to prepare a balance-sheet.

This never-varying answer, while it damped the spirits, served to satisfy the inquiries of the larger creditors, but not of the small ones, especially of one of the small ones. Small creditors are always inclined to shy in harness, and so was this one. The withdrawal of Mr. Lilyseed was an act of bankruptcy, according to law, and this particular small creditor availed himself of the act of Parliament. Without pausing to consider whether he was not playing into the hands of his debtor by forcing him before the humane and lenient tribunal of Bankruptcy, and, much to the disgust of the large creditors, he obtained sufficient co-operation amongst claimants of his own class to carry the point on which he had determined. Before a week had passed, the following notice appeared in the Gazette:

"LILYSEED, ABRAHAM, Downy-road, linendraper, January 19th, at half-past twelve, and March 6th, at eleven, at the Bankruptcy Court; solicitor, Mr. Darcy, Burglarsbury; official assignee, Mr. Lotens, Sackinghall-street."

The balance-sheet that Messrs. Nought and Carryone prepared, was a masterpiece of figurative art. The materials, it is true, had been supplied by Mr. Lilyseed, or rather Mr. Lilyseed's well-preserved books; but what skill they had shown in grouping these materials! The liberal fee that was paid to them over and above the court allowance, was money well laid out to produce a desired result.

Everything was fully accounted for. Mr. Lilyseed had been more unfortunate than any-

body supposed. In addition to what he had suffered from the devouring element, he had been largely robbed for years by dishonest servants, without being able to make out a case for prosecution; he had been forged upon, to a large extent, by a heartless nephew, who had fled to the Isle of Thanet, where he was lost in a tornado; and he had had to pay a mass of debts contracted without his knowledge by the extravagant woman whom it was his misfortune to call his wife. His family had suffered much from sickness and feebleness of constitution, and he had often had to pay five hundred pounds a year for change of air and medical expenses. A number of bad debts had been forced upon him by the influence of people amongst whom, and by whom, he lived; and he had lost four hundred and fifty pounds at one blow, through accepting an accommodation bill for a man who had saved him from a watery grave when he was quite a boy. The five thousand pounds he had borrowed to extend his business from Mr. Dove (a gentleman who acted as his head manager, but who was connected with some distinguished Irish capitalists) had thus been eaten away, with other property. At the hour when he thought he was, and certainly ought to have been, a substantial tradesman, he awoke to find himself a bankrupt and a beggar. His solicitor also wished to mention (though, of course, it would have no influence with the court) that the unfortunate bankrupt was subject to fits, brought on, no doubt, by the shock of so many fires.

The commissioner, after a little confidential communication with the official assignee, declined to pay much attention to the feeble opposition of certain creditors. He found that all the expenses of the court were secured by the property which the bankrupt had given up (according to the official assignee's report), and that there was a prospect of an early dividend of at least a shilling in the pound. He was obliged to rebuke the bankrupt for accepting an accommodation bill, and also for giving a bill of sale to Mr. Dove so short a period before his bankruptcy; but, having done this in a severe and fatherly manner, he thought the justice of the case was satisfied by granting Mr. Lilyseed an immediate third-class certificate.

Mr. Lilyseed returned to his establishment, hopeful and triumphant, with this new license to trade in his pocket, and the faithful Mr. Dove was there to receive him. He looked round upon his six thousand five hundred pounds' worth of stock, that had been so cleverly secured from his creditors, and he looked forward to the five hundred pounds and more, in cash, and in Mr. Dove's tenacious keeping.

"We must have the place painted up," said Mr. Lilyseed, addressing Mr. Dove, and at once assuming the position of a master; "and I don't

like that slovenly arrangement of stock in the windows."

"While I congratulate you upon your success before the court, sir," returned Mr. Dove, firmly, "I am afraid that our connexion must cease from this moment."

"What!" exclaimed the clever and complete tradesman, "you don't mean to say you want to leave me? I was thinking of a junior partnership for you."

"I'm much obliged to you, sir, I'm sure," said Mr. Dove, "but I must decline to accept it."

"Well," returned Mr. Lilyseed, resignedly, "you'll credit me with having made the offer. Have you got those bank-notes and documents by you?"

"I have got the documents," replied Mr. Dove, calmly, "but I've disposed of the money."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed Mr. Lilyseed, in astonishment.

"I've bought back the lease of these premises, which you had mortgaged up to the neck with Mr. Darcy's invisible capitalist client, and I've taken the liberty of putting my own name over the doorway."

Mr. Lilyseed was not a fool, and he saw his position. Mr. Dove was not a fool, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. The first gentleman found himself completely turned into the street, for the second gentleman was determined to use all the legal power which the bill of sale gave him.

"I am not wholly unprovided with means," said Mr. Lilyseed, accepting his defeat with great self-command, "if you are disposed to treat for a partnership."

"I think," said Mr. Dove, "we are better apart. You are worthy of something far better than I am prepared to offer."

And so they separated, like prudent traders, each one adopting the course he thought best suited to his worldly welfare. Mr. Lilyseed was heard of, some years after, as a gigantic contractor; but whether Our Mr. Dove was the same Mr. Dove who, about the same time, was heard of as laying the first stone of a gigantic tabernacle, I am not positively prepared to answer.

With the Magazines, price 1s.

Uniform with PICKWICK, DAVID COPPERFIELD, BLEAK HOUSE, &c.,

The Fifth Monthly Part of

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

With Two Illustrations on Steel by HABIOT K. BROWNE.

To be completed in Eight Monthly Parts.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W. AND

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND" Office, 11, Wellington-street North, London, W.C.

The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.